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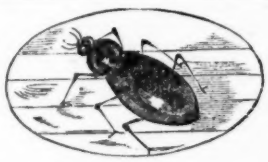

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[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

THE INVENTOR OF THE SPINNING JENNY.

THE fame of Hargreaves has been overshadowed by that of Arkwright and of Crompton; yet if it were only as the earliest of the founders of modern cotton spinning, he deserves to be held in remembrance. In the cotton manufacture, at least, Arkwright's water-frame and Crompton's mule have together displaced the spinning-jenny of Hargreaves. It is probable, however, that the invention of the jenny had a direct and immediate effect in the production of the water-frame, and it is certain that to the jenny rightly belongs the parentage of the mule. The jenny was the first successful improvement on the old spinning wheel, the principle of which its inventor ingeniously adapted and extended. Without Hargreaves, there might have been no Arkwright, and there could have been no Crompton.

In the first decade of the second half of the eighteenth century, James Hargreaves was a weaver at Stand-hill, near Blackburn. He is sometimes described as a carpenter, and probably he carried on both trades. The general tradition reports him to have been very illiterate, as well as very humble; otherwise, all that we know of him personally is that he was a "stout, broad-set man, about five feet ten inches high, or rather more." The earliest mention of him is about the year 1762, when he is represented as aiding in the erection of a carding machine for Mr. Robert Peel, of Blackburn, founder of the famous family of that name, and grandfather of the late Sir Robert. By this carding machine, moreover, there hangs a little tale. It was originally the handiwork of a certain Lewis Paul, the partner of John Wyatt of Birmingham, who undoubtedly invented spinning by rollers in 1738, or thereabouts, long before Arkwright turned that process to account. The germs or first thoughts of two of the greatest inventions in the history of modern cotton spinning thus belong to Wyatt and Paul, who, however, made nothing of them. Curiously enough, the capital for the trial of their patented invention of roller spinning was supplied by Cave, the founder of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the first London patron of Samuel Johnson, who says of him that "he impaired his future by innumerable projects, none of which succeeded." In the later editions of Croker's Boswell, there are various letters from Samuel himself to this Paul, chiefly on the latter's financial difficulties and disputes, with one of which was mixed up, too, Warren, the Birmingham bookseller, another early friend and patron of Johnson's; he who gave Samuel five guineas for the translation of Father Lobo's Abyssinian journey! After the breaking up of Wyatt's and Paul's establishment at Northampton, Paul's patented invention of revolving cylinders for carding cotton was bought by a hat manufacturer at Leominster, and by him applied to the carding of wool for hats. About 1760 it was introduced into Lancashire, and re-applied to the carding of cotton in the neighbourhood of Wigan. A year or two later, it attracted the attention of the first Robert Peel, who from farming had taken to manufacturing on a small scale. Robert Peel, in 1744, had married a certain Elizabeth Haworth, and her brother, after an apprenticeship to some calico-printer in London (whither all cloths from Lancashire were then sent to be printed), returned to Blackburn with a project for transferring calico-printing to Lancashire. The brothers-in-law combined their capital, and took into partnership William Yates, of the Black Bull Inn, in Blackburn (whose daughter became the wife of the second Robert Peel and mother of the statesman), hence the notable firm of Haworth, Peel, and Yates, established about 1750, at Blackburn, with a warehouse in Manchester. Mr. Peel was a man quick of eye, and of great practical discernment. He tried poor Paul's carding-machine, and saw that Hargreaves was the man to aid him. As it happened, the carding-machine, even in Peel's hands, did not come to much, and it had to wait until the consummate genius of Arkwright seized it and made it effective in the manufacture of cotton.

The Blackburn of the well-to-do Peel and of the humble Hargreaves was then a town with some 5,000 inhabitants. It was noted for the production of Blackburn greys, cloths consisting of linen-warps and cotton-woofs, which, until printing had been introduced into Lancashire by the first Robert Peel and others, were generally sent to London to undergo there ornamental operation. In the interests of the woollen and silk manufacturers, parliament had forbidden, in 1720, the use of any printed or dyed calicoes whatsoever; but in 1736 this prohibition was relaxed in favour of fabrics of mixed cotton and flax, and a good trade was done in English prints, the bulk of which consisted of these Blackburn greys. The expansion of the cotton trade, marked by this fact, and which dates from the middle of last century, was, however, terribly obstructed by the dearth and dearness of yarn, on which, of course, the whole manufacture was based. This was what may be called the idyllic period of the cotton manufacture, gone never to return. In all its earlier processes, it was conducted at the homes of those engaged in it. The cottage had a loom-shop attached to it always, with its little garden. The father and his sons wove into cloth the yarn which the mother and daughters spun; and as from six to eight hands were needed to keep one weaver going, he was generally in advance and at the mercy of the spinner.

This pressure on the weaver was aggravated by John Kay of Bury's invention of the fly-shuttle, which came into vogue in the cotton trade about 1760, and which expedited the work of weaving, while the supply of yarn was still left to the old-fashioned and unimproved spinning-wheel. Hence the attempts of such men as Wyatt and Paul to increase and cheapen the supply of yarn by introducing roller-spinning; and between 1761 and 1767 models of at least half-a-dozen new spinning machines were constructed by ingenious men, without, however, anything like practical success. In the district of the Blackburn greys, Hargreaves must have seen and heard much of the demand for yarn outstripping the supply, and of fruitless schemes to supersede or improve the rude and slow old spinning-wheel. At any rate, he pondered long and deeply on the problem, and the result was the spinning-jenny. With Wyatt's rollers or Arkwright's water-frame it had nothing in common, and was a completely original invention. Attempts have been made to rob Hargreaves of the honour of the invention, and to assign it to Highs, also said to have been the real originator of Arkwright's rollers. But the evidence for Highs rests on nothing better than the senile gossip of two very old men, with memories evidently confused, and on the fact that Highs had a daughter called Jane, whose name is supposed to re-appear in the jenny of the spinners. Highs himself never asserted any claim of the kind, though he was ready enough to avow himself the author of Arkwright's processes; and no historian of the cotton manufacture, since Mr. Guest, denies to James Hargreaves the sole and undisputed invention of the jenny.

Hargreaves is supposed to have invented the jenny about 1764, and certainly he had perfected in 1767 the ingenious yet simple machine by which a child could even then work eight spindles at once. He is said to have kept his invention at first a secret, and to have used it merely in his own business, to supply himself and family with weft. The secret, of course, it was impossible long to keep, and when it was discovered, his fate was that of Kay, the inventor of the fly-shuttle. If the spinning-jenny came into general use, the weaver would no longer be at the mercy of the spinner; the production of yarn would be multiplied, and its price would fall. The working classes of Blackburn were not students of political economy. They looked only at the immediate effect of the jenny on their wages and the labour market of their district. They broke into the inventor's house, destroyed his jenny, and made the neighbourhood too hot for him; a persecution respecting which details are sadly wanting, and the story of which ought to be well looked into by some enterprising Blackburner with aspirations towards fame as a local historian. There is no doubt that Hargreaves shook the dust of Blackburn off his feet and ran from the ungrateful district. He made for Nottingham, a chief seat of the stocking manufacture, where yarn was in demand, and which presumably (the books are silent on the subject), was now dependant for its supply of yarn on local spinners,

with interests liable to be injured by the introduction of the jenny. This Hegira of Hargreaves took place in 1767, and in that very year Mr. Richard Arkwright, barber, of Bolton, had his earliest conferences with one Kay, a clock maker at Warrington, respecting the bending of some wires and the turning of some pieces of brass. In 1768 a model of Mr. Richard Arkwright's first machine for spinning cotton by rollers was visible in the parlour of the Free Grammar School of Preston. In another year, warned by the fate of Hargreaves, Mr. Arkwright, too, had quietly migrated to Nottingham, and in the July of 1769, he "enrolled" the specification of his famous first patent.

Poor Hargreaves was to have no such successful career as that of the Bolton barber, who, when recording his vote in Preston, at the general election of 1768, was so ragged that a suit of clothes had to be given him to appear at the poll in, yet who died one of the wealthiest men ever known in these islands. Not long after his arrival in Nottingham, Hargreaves entered into partnership with Mr. Thomas James, a joiner in that town, and probably thus procured the money with which to take out, in 1770 (a year after Arkwright's), a patent for the spinning-jenny. Unfortunately, before he left Lancashire he had made and sold some spinning-jennies to supply his pressing needs. This fact voided his patent, and he could derive no benefit from it. He did not, however, as is sometimes said, die in misery, or poverty. With his partner's aid, a small mill was erected or worked in Nottingham, where they spun yarn for the hosiers with the jenny; and when Hargreaves died, in April, 1778, in his own house, near the mill, his partner paid over to the widow £400 as her share in the business. The factory or mill of Hargreaves and James is, or lately was, extant, after a fashion, in Nottingham.

When Hargreaves died, Arkwright's twist was in great demand, but the spinning-jenny was also in general operation. The water-frame spun a hard and fine thread suitable for warps, while the jenny was peculiarly adapted for spinning wefts, so that the two machines aided instead of obstructing each other. The year after the death of Hargreaves, indeed, Samuel Crompton invented the mule, and that machine did displace the jenny, at least in the cotton manufacture; in the woollen, unless we are mistaken, a modification of the jenny being still extensively used. But the displacement was not the work of a day, or of a year. In 1784, at the time of the expiry of Arkwright's patent, there were at work in England 20,000 hand jennies of 80 spindles each against 550 mules of 90 spindles each. In any case, to Hargreaves belongs the glory of having invented "the instrument by which (so far as we have any authentic and trustworthy evidence) the human individual was first enabled, for any permanently advantageous and profitable purpose, to spin the fleecy and fibrous substances of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, be they wool, cotton, or flax, into a plurality of threads at the same time and by one operation."

FROM WINDERMERE TO THE ISLE OF MAN.

IN the autumn of last year, whilst staying at Ambleside in the rainy season, it suddenly occurred to us to take advantage of the new sea route from Piel to the Isle of Man, and thus, by a brief erratic excursion, relieve ourselves from the tedium of an enforced imprisonment. One morning, accordingly, we found ourselves embarked on board the Windermere steamer, with a return ticket for the whole journey, intending to be back at our starting point on the afternoon of the following day.

The rain clouds hung low, and wet white mists, clinging close about the mountains, hid from view the higher points of Fairfield and the Langdale Pike; but below the region of cloud and mist the wooded slopes of the hills on each side of the lake stood up in soft subdued outline as we sailed between them, their forms lessening in magnitude and boldness as we rounded Belle Isle and passed into the long reach of water that stretches thence to Newby Bridge. Arrived at the foot of the Lake we stepped from the steamer on to the platform of the new Lake-side Railway Station, and, taking our seat in the waiting train, were quickly whirled along between cuttings of rock that cleft the hills in twain, through tunnels, and across the broad estuary of the Leven, swollen with the tide that rushed in from Morecambe Bay; then over undulating pasture land that lay beyond the margin of the outer hills; past Ulverstone and Dalton, and through the Furness district, rich in ironstone, until we were dashed suddenly out of a tunnel's mouth into a leafy glen, with quite another scene and quite other associations, and the train drew up at Furness Abbey. There was a steady down-pour of rain, which reconciled us to our seat in the carriage; so we sat and looked from the window at the broken walls and arches of the once beautiful home of the white-robed Cistercians, upon which the deadly nightshade waves its tufted pennons, and thought of those oft-repeated words of Ruskin's, wherein he tells us that it is by "the destructive efforts of men more than by the tooth of time that such desolation as this has been worked." It is we more than it who have laid waste these pleasant places, leaving the mountain grass to bloom upon the pavement, and the sea winds to chaunt in the galleries. Of all the ruins we here visited, we must confess that we have least affection for this. Perhaps it is the close proximity of a noisy railway and a busy inn that spoils the charm. However, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, so we will say no more about that. With a whistle that echoed shrill through the old abbey we were off again, and were soon deposited upon Piel Pier, at the edge of the promontory, and close alongside the steamer.

Landwards to the right, Barrow, with its huge furnaces, heavy with smoke clouds, rose up grim and dark, giving one in its murky indistinctness the idea of some awful sacrifice. Seawards, between the shore and Walney Island, was the ruined Pile of Fouldrey, built by the monks of Furness to protect their abbey. On the left, the hills about Morecambe and the Lancashire coast loomed up like great fog banks across the grey fretful sea. Presently we were under weigh and steering cautiously round the end of Walney and past the light-house into the open water. Dreading the nausea of sea sickness, we took our place on the bridge and faced the brisk wind blowing in from the sea, intending to remain there through fair or foul weather to the end of the voyage. Our vessel was a narrow rakish craft, built for and employed in blockade-running during the American war. She sailed along steadily enough for a time, and though the day was a dirty one, the majority of passengers were on deck. On the bridge we had good and enjoyable company, chief among whom were two sunny young ladies from Yorkshire, who sat on camp stools and chatted pleasantly regarding the prospects of the voyage. Before we had cleared the land there came to us, also, a rough-looking specimen of an Irishman, clad in homely frieze, who opened up an acquaintance regarding the objects visible on shore. He had arrived the night before from Belfast, and had been very sick on the way. In a rich brogue he asked eagerly regarding "the continent" towards which we were bound, the direction in which it lay, and the probability of seeing it soon. He hovered about for a little time, but disappeared when things began to get bad, and we saw him no more until we espied him seated in the boat going ashore at Douglas, looking silent, ill, and wretched. As we got farther out to sea the weather grew worse. Wind, rain, and rough water drove most of the passengers below. Those who remained above showed, for the most part, signs of affliction, among whom were our fair Yorkshire friends. To drown the anguish of the victims, and in solemn mockery of their distress, the band played lively airs. To those who escaped the sickness the scene was not without its humours. For instance, during the performance of "Tommy Dodd" there was a sudden stoppage of the music and flight of the musicians, occasioned by the illness of a lady on the bridge, who happened to be standing above the instrumentalists. To add to the discomfort, the vessel began to pitch and roll and ship heavy seas which swept the fore deck. So rough had it become that the stewardess was taken ill among the rest. With some others, however, we stuck to the bridge in spite of drenching waves which, now and again, would come creeping along the bows, then dash upwards and break over the paddles.

For some five hours or so we sailed thus, appearing to move ever in a narrow haze-enclosed circle, within which were tossing waves, changeful, yet monotonous, with myriads of sea-birds hovering on their crests or diving into their depths. Two vessels only crossed our tract—one a steamer, the other a light, graceful smack, with a single brown sail, having on board a red-capped skipper and his wife, who together made up such a picture as one usually associates with a blue sky and a smooth Italian sea. The time drawing near for our arrival at the island, we strained our eyes against the mist to get a sight of it, but for long in vain, though the seamen assured us it was visible. By-and-bye,

BRITISH MUSEUM

however, there could be seen a dark outline, which grew in intensity as we neared it, until gradually above the waste of water there appeared Douglas Head and Fort Ann, with the town lying to the right in a semicircle on the upward sloping shore. Presently we entered the bay, the band played "Home, sweet Home," collected its coins, and lapsed into silence, the passengers, looking more or less dilapidated, mustered from below, and we steamed into the harbour under the gaze of a great crowd of faces gathered on the pier. The tide was low, so we anchored off shore. Then was our good ship surrounded by a little fleet of pirates in the shape of Manx boatmen, who boarded us, and endeavoured, by force or stratagem, to get hold of the persons and effects of the passengers and convey them to shore. It were needless to detail how we were victimised by engaging one of their "pirate boats." Suffice it to say that "hired boats" are a delusion and a snare, and that safer and more comfortable landing may be had gratis in the steamers' boats. Climbing the slippery stairs, slimy with mud, ooze and seaweed, we were confronted on the pier by a crowd who seemed to take a malicious delight in joking upon the forlorn aspect of the voyagers. The dress, manner, and general aspect of the new arrivals were rudely and freely criticized.

Running the gauntlet of these, together with the females in deep mourning and hotel touts, who thrust cards into our hands, we made our way to our inn. The grey twilight was deepening into dark as we crossed the market-place, and threaded the narrow, slippery streets in search of our hotel. This we found, after a troubled wandering through tortuous lanes, heavy with foul, damp odours of fish and bad drains. Doubtless, these streets served their purpose well in the smuggling days when they were built. In spite of the discomfort of being wet almost to the skin with sea water, and without a change of garments, we made a hearty meal at our inn, and afterward sallied out into the night to explore the town. A drizzly rain was blowing up from the sea, and a shiny dampness was on all the houses and pavements. We wandered through the streets, crowded with boatmen, visitors, and others, occasionally passing brilliantly-lighted edifices, from which there came the sounds of revelry and the shuffle of dancing feet. We wandered along the beach, and rambled long and aimlessly here and there; but it is only fair to say that we really saw nothing of Douglas, except in its most crowded and least attractive portions, and all as through a glass darkly.

The morning of the next day broke cold, grey, and cheerless, with the wind still high, and giving promise of another rough voyage. A little later we sought our vessel, which lay out in low water some distance from the deserted pier. Down the slimy steps we went, got into the crowded boat, and were paddled off to the steamer. Arrived on board, we took a last comprehensive glance at the harbour and town. The prevailing tint of the stormy sky overhead was sepia, the town ranged round in a semicircle from Fort Ann to the Castle Mona Hotel showed up in a sickly white against a background of cold dead green. And yet we could imagine the same scene looking quite otherwise. A little sunshine and a bright sky would doubtless have given to the town and harbour, with the hills beyond, something of Italian beauty and picturesqueness. We saw enough to convince us of this, and made a mental memorandum that this was a place to be seen again. While we looked, the bell rang, the paddles struck the water, the small cluster of people at the pier-head waved adieu, and we were steaming out again, and looking back on the lessening shore with something akin to regret. When we reached the open we found the weather worse than on the previous day. The vessel pitched and rolled in a manner that made walking impossible; there was nothing for it but to hold on and bide. So we stuck to the bridge, and as the ship plunged through the waves, the rushing of the water seemed to give fit accompaniment to those deeply suggestive words of Arthur Clough, which would not leave us all the way:—

> Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
> Far, far a-head, is all the seamen know.
> And where the land she travels from away?
> Far, far behind, is all the seamen say.

In due course we landed again at Piel Pier, in heavy rain, took the train at once, and, before the afternoon had closed in, we were once more among the quiet mountains at Ambleside.

WARNING TO EXCURSIONISTS. — A dangerous footpath — Peel Causeway.

MDLLE. SCHNEIDER.

AS we write her name we are conscious of a delicious little shudder. As we practise the syllables, we prolong and soften the word to make it sound good, or we pronounce it sharply and severely, but without passion. Yet, do what we will, there is a flavour of fastness and impropriety about it which nothing will suppress. "Have you seen Schneider?" means, "Are you a Man about Town!" while to mention her name in the society of her own sex, excepting as a dreadful example, is a sign of pleasant latitude. It is sometimes the fortune of great reputations to enrich their language by giving their names as the readiest expression for new sets of ideas. Such are Dr. Mesmer, and Swedenborg, and Irving, and a host of others. If Mdlle. Schneider's peculiar mission is not quite so well understood and appreciated as these gentlemen's, there is no doubt that her name suggests a system of morals quite as distinct. We are, perhaps, apt to forget the law of cause and effect which governs our minds, and so we feel that the name of Mdlle. Schneider,—with its mixture of French and German, its insinuating Mdlle., and its soft, sensuous Schneider—is the happiest name in the world. But when once a name like this suggests distinct and cunning associations, we become perfect slaves to it. Of course there is nothing in a name looked at by the light of pure reason. But as a matter of every-day feeling, there is more in a name than we care to own, and we are absurdly prejudiced by these little aptnesses and coincidences of sound. What's in a name? Well, suppose an actual Miss Lydia Schneider were to lecture on "Woman's Dishabille—ities;" suppose a real Reverend Buckstone were to preach common decency, would they do any good; could they possibly make us forget the unfortunate associations which cling to those names? We think not. But so we shall find that Mdlle. Schneider has cut out a path for herself, and that she holds it successfully, perhaps a little audaciously, against all rivals. But let us try to forget for a moment Mdlle. Schneider's clever acting while we glance at the broader subject of French acting in general.

It is common to think of an Englishman as solid and phlegmatic, of a Frenchman as vivacious and unpractical, and there is just enough of truth in these descriptions to render it very difficult for either nation to understand and to do justice to the other. The Frenchman looks upon the Englishman as a very successful barbarian, surrounding himself with costly luxuries until they bore him to death, but entirely without the finer taste, the gayer disposition, the variety of mood, which alone gives flavour to life. On the other hand, the Englishman looks upon the Frenchman with that peculiar distrust which a wit excites in the society of dull people. Both nations possess certain gifts at the expense of other gifts. Englishmen possess self-control at the expense of enthusiasm, and morality at the expense of wit, and the useful sciences at the expense of the cultivating arts. Frenchmen possess subtlety at the expense of sincerity, and candour at the expense of shame, and an accommodating creed at the expense of domestic virtue. In short, we are decorous and they are natural, we are grim and they are picturesque; we are severe audiences and they are fine actors. If English acting were as true to English life as French acting is to French life, it is plain that no one would ever go to the theatre. We Englishmen do not talk about our gallantries; our *amour propre* generally preserves us from ridiculous but romantic situations, and our climate does not favour *al fresco* adventures. Now, a Frenchman's life is one long intrigue with the other sex, and his time is divided between boasting of his conquests and bearing his gallant disappointments.

> Love is of English life a thing apart,
> 'Tis France's whole existence.

It follows that all our modern plays, excepting those which are dedicated to the apotheosis of domestic life, are adoptions from foreign sources, but chiefly French. So that while the French playwright is simply painting from life, with more or less brilliancy of colour, and the French actor is impersonating himself idealised, the English playwright is translating smart but licentious plays into virtuous dull ones, and the English actor is playing parts which he does not feel. We may succeed in sombre tragedy, and in plays which are founded upon pathetic and gently humorous domestic scenes; but in satirical burlesque, in romantic drama, in all kinds of acting which demand picturesque gesticulation,

the poetry of manners, the eloquence of strong feelings, Frenchmen will always possess natural advantages over us.

These remarks are illustrated by the French troupe now playing at the Manchester Theatre Royal. Apart from all question of the play itself, it is most delightful to observe what may be termed the perfect good breeding which reigns in the company; for it is thus that the incessant by-play and the unobtrusive acting and singing of every one on the stage, strikes you. They are not all great artists, but they are all natural artists: even the choruses seem to know what is going on. Mdlle. Schneider's name is identified chiefly with the character of the Grande Duchesse. Everybody knows, either from report or from the English version, the general conception of this character;—it is generally understood that it is an improper subject for stage representation. The British Philistine, ever ready to protect his hearth and home at any sacrifice, rushes in immense crowds to see Schneider for himself, and if necessary, to hiss. He sits the performance out conscientiously from the first kick to the last, and then he goes home and says that it's disgraceful. After the great battle between Heenan and Sayers, the *Record* inserted a description of it as complete as that in *Bell's Life*; but it prefaced the exciting narrative with the remark, "The following disgusting account of a prize fight was actually published in the *Times* of last Tuesday." In a case like this it is very difficult to say how much of the disgusting account the *Record* quoted from a stern sense of duty. In the case of the Englishman going to see the Can-can and then hissing it (as he did in Liverpool), it is impossible to say how much of his indignation is sincere. We are inclined to think that John Bull is an unconscious hypocrite; that he is not so much intolerant as immoderately respectable, and so his sense of decorum is often roused when his modesty is not really shocked. He is like an old maid who is obliged to fume if she is ravished of a kiss, but who secretly rather likes it.

Our opinion of Mdlle. Schneider's performance is that it is enormously clever, extremely indecent, and perfectly refined. We would rather not take our wives to see it, still less our daughters. But to men who wish to understand their neighbours, and who do not pretend to be innocent, it is an amusing and at the same time a deeply interesting performance. Of course whatever evidence we may see in it, on the principle of judging a people by their amusements, applies only to Parisians, and not to the French nation. But as a manifestation of Parisian character, it speaks surely of a people ruled by an iron hand, treated politically like children until they become frivolous, their mental activity strictly watched and circumscribed by a Press Monitor, and at last driven to squander their splendid wit on the invention of new pleasures, more outré and more languidly refined than the last. When we say that Mdlle. Schneider is refined, we mean that she is artistically refined. For instance, Mrs. Howard Paul does not gesticulate with her legs as Mdlle. Schneider does, and yet her performance of the same character is, in one sense, coarse by the side of Mdlle. Schneider's. The Duchess is a high-spirited, splendid, voluptuous girl, made up of innocence and desires. She has had no mother's example to teach her how to grow into a woman, and so she has naïvely wandered back to first principles. There you see her, a curious but embarrassing picture of intense purity. The cunning of the play consists in making this purity look like sin. And thus we artificial people are brought suddenly face to face with nature, and we are shocked. To make the character more mercilessly natural, and more immeasurably shocking, the Duchess falls in love with a splendid animal, a common soldier, a man of whom we may say what the *Times* said of the Prince of Wales's letters, that he is "stupidly honest." The rude, the stupid, the pure-minded soldier is plied by the delicate, the witty, the dissolute Duchess. This ingeniously cruel situation, in which a girl's very ignorance plays the part of harlotry, and a man's stupidity plays the part of virtue, and resisting virtue, is the climax of the play. By the side of it, the Can-can is a Puritanical pastime. And yet, on Monday night, Mdlle. Schneider scarcely raised her leg, and she was hissed; she acted this scene to the life, and she was cheered to the roof. Mrs. Howard Paul understood the character as well as Mdlle. Schneider; and, with her true British instincts, wishing to render the performance more chaste, she in reality rendered it grosser. And for this reason. Mrs. Howard Paul showed you the young girl almost throwing herself into the arms of the young soldier; but as Mrs. Howard Paul did not dare to act all the immodest impulses which lead her on, you simply beheld the coarse fact, without any excuse for it. There was no birth and no intelligible development of the passion to show that it was the first. Not so Mdlle. Schneider. Her performance may be more brutal, in the sense that the surgeon's knife is brutal; but in reality it is kinder to her sex, because it shows you, side by side, the offence and the explanation. In the *tête-à-tête* with Fritz, in the second act, she played marvellously. There was a weirdness of sensuality in her strange, abrupt manner, there was suffocation in her voice, there was the muffled cry of a dumb animal in her face. And when at last she despairs of Fritz, and her passion is wounded, and turned into bitterness, her manner, her voice, her very smile, is ghastly.

We have spoken of Mdlle. Schneider as she appears at her best. On Monday evening, in the *Grande Duchesse*, she was very subdued; she seemed indifferent to applause, and she scarcely abandoned herself to the innocent drolleries of the opera, much less to its spirit of impropriety. Those who had seen her before were disappointed; but more disappointed were those who had not seen her before. They were quite angry. They resented her modesty as something quite indecent. And, to tell the truth, it was a very tame performance. But on Tuesday, in the *Orphée aux Enfers*, she sustained her reputation with unusual zeal.

Let us be honest, and own, that although it is not fit for our women to see, it is a very entertaining business; that it is clever, and impudent, and enlivening. Let us be honest and abstain from going; or, if we do go, and if we join in the carnival, do not let us turn round and rehabilitate ourselves with virtuous indignation.

TOWN TALK.

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

LORD DERBY'S MARRIAGE.

THE announcement of Lord Derby's intended marriage with the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury has taken people by surprise, as the general impression was that he would remain a bachelor. Perhaps, however, this opinion was akin to that expressed by Benedict, when he said that he did not think he should have lived to get married. Should this marriage take place, Lord Derby's marriage relationships will be as complicated as Earl Russell's, and those of his own immediate ancestors. Lord Russell had at one time three families living under the parental roof. First, he married the Dowager Lady Ribblesdale, who had children by her first husband, and afterwards had two daughters to Lord John Russell. Several years afterwards, his lordship married a second time, and had a numerous family, including Lord Amberley. Lord Derby's great grandfather, the twelfth earl, when an old man, married for the second time, his wife being Miss Farren, the celebrated actress. A second family was the consequence, so that his grandson, the late famous earl, was older than many of his own half uncles and aunts. One of the latter was the late Countess of Wilton, the present earl's first wife. The late Marquis of Salisbury married late in life, a second wife, the present Dowager Marchioness, who has a young family. If, then, Lord Derby marries this lady, he will be the husband of the present Lord Salisbury's step-mother. Lord Derby is some three or four years older than the "terrible Marquis," but looks nearly twenty years younger. Should another family be the result of the marriage, confusion will become even worse confounded, and the pages of "Burke" will be nearly as intelligible as those of "Bradshaw."

A BIT OF LONDON CRITICISM.

Mr. Hollingshead, of the Gaiety Theatre, has adapted the *Relapse*—a witty, but coarse and licentious comedy of Sir John Vanbrugh's—and produced it with indifferent success. Out of the criticisms of the London papers on the piece we cull the following, as a choice bit:—

> It was well for the adapter that he executed his difficult task with the requisite vigilance, for it so happened that among the audience were a handful of virtuous spectators who were determined to resent the slightest attempt to sacrifice good manners to wit. The hisses with which the precisians received Sir Tunbelly Clumsy's energetic denunciation of all the personages of the scene, evoked a counter demonstration from the majority of the audience, who cheered lustily.

Observe the critic's regretful chronicle that there should be in the theatre a handful of virtuous persons—even a handful, so fastidious in his aversion to virtue—and you get at his idea of taste. Know that the

remark he singles out as an especial specimen of what was to the better taste of his pet portion of the audience, was, "May you all be damned together!" and you get at his idea of wit. Add to this, that the critic is the *Morning Post*, the organ of the English aristocracy; and you will hardly be disposed to wonder, when such are their critics, at the degradation either of the stage or of the aristocracy.

"PLAY" AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

To the reiterated demands for something new in the way of Robertsonian drama, Mr. Frederick Younge responded on Monday last by the production of *Play*, a comedy performed for the first time at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in London, during February, 1868. It has an incongruous plot, and is full of improbable situations. Nevertheless, though by no means an absorbing, it is an interesting drama—something on the level of one of Bulwer Lytton's tales, and with a similar flavour of unreal romance—and it has all the theatrical clevernesses, and many of the literary excellences, which lift Mr. Robertson above the level of contemporary playrights. The acting on the whole was satisfactory. Mr. Ray's performance of the Hon. Bruce Fanquehere, the best drawn and most natural character in the piece, was remarkably good—right in conception, and finished and true in its details. The same may be said of Miss Ada Dyas's representation of Amanda, especially of her acting in the second act, the first in which she appears. If her ability was less apparent in the later scenes, the fault is rather due to the author than to the artiste. Miss Lizzie Russell, a daughter of Mr. John Russell, of the London Opera Company, made a first appearance in the part of Rosie Fanquehere, and played with considerable freshness and vivacity. As the action of the piece takes place in a German watering place on the banks of the Rhine, it affords more than usual scope for an effective and picturesque setting; and, as regards both scenery and accessories, the drama was admirably placed upon the stage.

EXHIBITORS AND THE WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

A letter appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* of Wednesday, in which the writer complains that there was no one in the Exhibition Rooms to give him information with regard to the addresses of certain artists, whose drawings are now being exhibited at the Royal Institution. Finding such to be the case, he left his name and address with the doorkeeper, who promised to communicate with the Secretary; but as nothing has since been heard, the writer naturally concludes that the information is refused. It is hard to imagine what motives influence the authorities of the Institution, and induce them to withhold the private addresses of the Exhibitors. Can it be that they fear the drawings might be sold privately, and they in consequence lose the per-centage on the sales? This year the catalogues have for some unknown reason been printed without the usual alphabetical list of living Exhibitors and their residence—a most inconvenient change. But the real fault lies in the absence from the gallery of the person in charge, who ought to be there always while the rooms are open to the public. His non-attendance to his duty is not only, as in this case, positively injurious to artists, but also to the promoters of the Exhibition themselves.

MANCHESTER WATER COLOUR ARTISTS.

Mr. A. H. Marsh was elected an associate of the Old Water Colour Society on Tuesday. This institution—the old haunt of David Cox and Copley Fielding, of Prout, William Hunt, and J. F. Lewis—is extremely exclusive. No pictures, except those by members and associates, are admitted to its annual exhibitions, and the competition for a place in its ranks is correspondingly keen and anxious. Mr. Marsh's election adds another to the list of Manchester artists who have succeeded in gaining admission to this close artistic borough,—a list which already comprises the names of Messrs. J. W. Whittaker, F. Powell, J. D. Watson, F. J. Shields, and Basil Bradley.

MR. HUGH BIRLEY, M.P.

A London correspondent of the *Manchester Courier*, describing the debate which ensued upon Mr. Birley's motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the commercial treaty with France, remarks that Mr. Staveley Hill's speech was full enough of commercial heresies to make our representative's "hair stand on end." What is the *Courier's* correspondent thinking of? Anyone who has seen Mr. Birley without his hat must know well enough that to make his hair stand on end is not within the compass of Mr. Stavely Hill, or any other gentleman, parliamentary or tonsorial.

LOTHAIR.

The quidnuncs have been entirely at sea about Mr. Disraeli's novel. First we were informed that Messrs. Longman had given him £10,000 for the copyright. It now turns out that a firm in Paternoster Row offered him £16,000, which he declined, preferring to publish the book on his own account. Then it was announced that Lord Salisbury would figure prominently in the novel, whereas he is never alluded to, and the hero is a young nobleman in the position of the Marquis of Bute, for possession of whom there has been a scramble since his infancy between his aunt, his guardian, and the Church of Rome. With the exception of a few allusions which may be taken as referring to the family of the Duke of Abercorn, and a good-natured satirical sketch of Professor Goldwin Smith, by way of wiping off some old scores, there are no personalities in the book. One or two passages may be taken as applicable to Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop Manning, and Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, but Vivian Grey himself is not on the canvas.

A THIEVES' SUPPER IN CHARTER STREET.

WE are happy to announce that one of the great questions of the age has been settled. The late Recorder of Birmingham, Mr. M. D. Hill, and the Rev. Mr. Clay of Preston, if they could only have foreseen the astonishingly simple answer that is now made to the question—"What to do with our criminals," would probably have died happy. The solution is, "Ask them to tea!" Its very simplicity seems to tell against it and makes it seem fabulous; but *de Tea fabula narrative*—it is about this that we have to tell.

Doubtless our readers have seen the accounts in the London newspapers of a new kind of entertainment given in the New Cut, a long winding street abutting on the dis-respectabilties, beginning about as near to the other end of Westminster Bridge as the new Houses of Parliament are to this end of the Bridge. This festive gathering was a "Thieves' Supper," to which as many as could shew genuine certificates of bad character were invited, and, in fact, attended. They were then spoken to in a homely way by an ex-member of the criminal profession, and exhorted to leave off their present mode of life and live cleanly as a gentleman should, or at all events honestly. Their veritable Amphitryon was Ned Wright, not Mr., &c., as the gentlemen of the Music Hall profession have it, but Ned, pure and simple; as pure, at least, as might be, considering his frequent successes in matters not altogether unconnected with the details of Sessions' practice.

Now, Ned Wright was announced to visit Manchester and to take part in such religious service or worship as was carried on at the Co-Operative Hall in Downing Street, Ardwick, on Sunday last, and to give a Thieves' Supper at the Ragged School in Charter Street on the following Tuesday. We couldn't find in our heart to abandon "the wicked man" and the other miserable sinners on the Sunday, so we promised ourselves a visit to the chartered libertines on Tuesday, on the evening of which day a manly form might be seen intently watching a closed door which was now and then opened by a florid light-haired gentleman, who told us and the other manly and the womanly forms among whom we were jammed, that there was no room and we couldn't come in. Some doubt, however, was cast upon this saying, several times repeated, by his hauling in a few items of the struggling mass. There seemed, however, to be no fruit in all this jam, so we retired to the opposite side of the road, and took up a position of observation. Now we noticed for the first time another door at the other end of the building similar to that which we had first besieged, and friend Shock-head again addressing the crowd and inconsistently making a selection for admission. We again preferred our claims, and were

pulled in and admitted in a state of semi-strangulation to a steep flight of stone steps which led us to a large room set out as for an ordinary school tea-party, with long narrow tables, each with its white cloth, cups and saucers, plates of bread and butter and currant bread, and, at at one end, the inevitable urn.

But the feast was o'er, the lights were out, the guests were sped. So we went up another flight, and found the party assembled in a large room at the top of the building. A low platform occupied the opposite end of the room, with a sort of partition or breast-work in front of the central portion of it, behind which stood Ned Wright, discoorsin' (for we have no more suitable word at hand) to an attentive audience seated in front of him on each side of a middle passage from the platform to an open space or promenade where we stood in a small and constantly-increasing crowd. On the speaker's right, the benches were occupied with respectable-looking men and women, such as compose an average chapel tea-party; but on the other side of the passage a very different class was seated. To all appearance they were merely a lot of common, rather dissipated-looking people,—no boys to speak of,—chiefly men, from the rough lad of 18 or so to the young man of 25 to 30 years of age. Less than half-a-dozen might fairly be called middle-aged men. Very few women indeed were visible, and along the wall were some young girls who seemed by their dress to have come in just as they had left the mill or workshop, with all the dirt and impudence of the young factory lass about them. We were not in the secret or behind the scenes at all, and only went as one of the general public; but we guessed, from such an evident sorting of the sheep from the goats, that to our right we had as many as could be persuaded to come of the local practitioners of unlawful arts. Adepts at cly-faking, professors of the centrebit, and those skilled in the use of the cold-chisel and the jemmy, were there, no doubt, and visible in the flesh; only one couldn't determine by looks. W. Sykes, Esq., the hero of a hundred "burgles," as the Yankees now call them, from Mr. J. Sneak, or either of them from the garotter or the smasher, who distributes his coin of (disad)vantage among a confiding public. There was not, of course, a "bobby" to be seen in the building, and outside there were only one or two, who kept at a respectful distance, so that Messieurs the Thieves might feel perfectly at ease. It occurred to us afterwards to wonder how the respectable part of the company and their gold eye-glasses and watch-guards, besides less ostensible wealth, would have fared if the invited guests had suddenly revolted, and begun a little "assault and robbery from the person," just for a little diversion. But the idea did not seem to have entered into the heads of either side, and perhaps it is as well that it didn't.

All this time, however, while we were taking note of these things, Ned Wright was talking hard in an animated unembarrassed way, chiefly to, what we may for distinction call, the opposition side of the house. He is a tall, well-made man, slim in figure, and nimble in bearing; about 30 to 32 years old, as far as we could judge, with short crisp hair, and close-cut, not shaven, beard. His voice is not exactly unpleasant, but it is not pleasing—rather thick and hollow occasionally, as if it had been checked by stone walls from acquiring a natural reverberation. There is, however, little or no trace of the detestable Cockney twang that so many men like him have, and there was an utter absence of affectation or artifice of any kind about the man, which was most refreshing, and makes one think he is either thoroughly honest, now, at all events, or else is the prince of tricksters. There is probably no man who cannot say something about himself. However difficult it may be to put ten words together about any other topic, any one, when self is the theme, can generally say something. It is for the most part, perhaps, in his own honour and glorification, or at the worst, in gentle deprecation of some fault or folly. But here was a man who had been, as he said, in and out of prison as long as he could remember up to the time when all of a sudden he abandoned his evil course of life. He actually learned to read in prison. "I remember," he said "the first time I had in Brixton. I had been sent to prison for 21 days, and in my cell was a Bible. Inside the back there was a short piece printed, and by going over the words often, I made out, from what I could tell of the letters, this line—'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest'; and that's what we've got to do with the Bible." Of course there was no explanation that the line is in the Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent, frequently printed in Bibles gratuitously distributed. "There's nothing like the Bible," he continued. "I'll just read you the next verses of it, and we'll sing the last." So he read part of a hymn with verses of three lines each, rhyming, and "There's nothing like the Bible" for a finish, and the last verse was sung to a lively jig of an air. The words would have gone equally well to Hoop de dooden do; indeed the air was not so good. It was probably "stolen," out of compliment to the audience, from some collection of songs. A neighbour pulled out of his pocket a small hymn-book—*Ned Wright's Collection of Hymns for Special Service*, published by Hodder and Stoughton, the usual publishers of the Independents. It looked like a little penny book, and was neatly printed. It contained some seventy or eighty hymns or verses intended to be sung. The most part of them we never met with before, and we don't pretend to entire ignorance of such matters. The old friend about "the bloody beasts on Jewish altars slain" was there, with a lively rattling chorus to it, as we should imagine; but it was not sung during our stay, though we had a good many of them. The tunes were such as we certainly never heard before. Perhaps they were composed on some co-operative principle, such as taking a stave from this tune, and a bar or two from that, and so making a sort of medley air. The late Mons. Jullien was clever at this sort of work, if we mistake not; but he had a soul above (or below) psalm tunes.

Ned Wright appears to have been connected in the bonds of social friendship with one Bill Brown. He often referred to him, but never introduced him, and never told us distinctly what had become of him, as, whether he remains unconverted, and is content when he's cotched to go to prison, or what. Bill was the Mrs. Harris of the performance, and we have grave doubts as to his actual entity. When the Bill Brownian episodes ceased to attract, the Hymn Book was called into requisition, and we all sung with a will, which reminds us that we saw Mr. W. Birch, junr., presiding, attended by several of the conscript fathers of the Hallelujah Band, and a few others,—one of whom, if we do not greatly err, now and then transacts a little business in the way of indictments with a portion of the audience, either as it was or as it was expected to be.

Of course we had Ned's account of his "conversion." It was "six years ago, last Easter Sunday night, as I was at the special service at Ashley's, and all London was ringing with the fight that was to come off next day between me and Jack Connell, of Bankside, something came to me, and I determined to change my life, and seek for the help of God, and I've found it." Well, when a man talks in this way, we can't take upon ourselves to gainsay him. It is a question between himself and his Maker. To his own Master he standeth or falleth. Much less should we make it a matter of ridicule. Whether such exciting exhibitions as that of which we have been treating are of any real service, is by no means clear to us. If there is any chance of their doing any good, continue them, in God's name; but we take leave to doubt the effecting of any permanent reformation of our large criminal population by tea, currant-bread, and the Authorised Version!

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE DEANSGATE LILY.

I FEEL inclined to present a floral offering—a votive wreath—at the shrine of beauty. It is May, beautiful May; the time of birds, also of blossoms; also of lamb and mint sauce, together with succulent asparagus; also of philanthropic gatherings in the metropolis, and much meandering platform talk about inexpedient enterprises. We can see in the hedge-rows and orchards what promise of hips and haws and stone fruit there will be. We can read in the newspapers what promise there is of prosperity to the Bugaboo mission, and of funds to what is called the Parent Society, which I always regarded when I was a boy as a collection of dingy fathers and mothers. I like the gushing force of Spring, which, as with a magician's rod, sends out the juicy verdure so imperceptibly that we wake in the morning to find the limetrees full bees, and the pretty powder of the hawthorn just burlesquing the hoar frost as it sneaks off into the past. I have only the least bit of country to gladden my heart as I turn towards town in a morning, but that little I make the most of. I become a boy again when I feel the fresh blithe air—the purest wine in the world, the best

to get drunk upon. It lifts me up like an old champagne cork on Killarney's waters, than which it is impossible to conceive a more jovial collocation—Killarney, where Bob and I sojourned in the olden time, and where there sojourned with us a sweet, sweet face, now placid in eternal sleep by the great midland sea, "the least in compass and the first in fame.' For the great gift of health and spirits and jocund life, how thankful we should be—the simple happiness of feeling that we exist, and of recognising in that pure fashion the Source of all good and perfect gifts!

But the slip of country is soon gone, as I wend my way towards the busy city. "The lark is singing in the blinding sky," but I am compelled to join another concert, where the vocalists are more like crows—scare-crows many of them—a cawing collection in that swarthy aviary which is called the Exchange. I cross one of the insalubrious brooks which a beneficent corporation retains as an easy means of repressing the tendency to exuberance in our population, and shortly afterwards find myself in the pleasant purlieus of Deansgate, which you know is the hothouse, greenhouse, forcing-house for the prize Lilies, upon whose attributes, physical and mental, it is the proud prerogative of this present paper to descant. Lily is a poetical name for woman. The Lilies of Deansgate are women. Whether they are lovely or not I must leave you to judge after I have described them. They are a square built race, and appear to have developed up from bull dogs. In feature they assimilate very much to that philoprogenitive beast. They have little nose to speak of, and what little they possess, I should prefer not to speak of; so we will, if you please, wipe their noses off the face of this essay speedily. The scantiest attire is all that appears to be necessary for the Deansgate Lily, on the principle that beauty unadorned is adorned the most. Their brawny shoulders are scarcely concealed by the slightest armlet of unbleached calico, worn with a tightish pressure, so as to develop the thew and muscle of the monstrous arm which they swing with a pendulating menace, suggestive of a cranch into the bosom of society. Their own bosoms are like drooping pig iron, with more perhaps of the pig than of the metal in their composition, though with enough of the latter to satisfy all the proprietors of Bolckow, Vaughan and Co., limited. These ironical armour-plated pigs are kept well to the fore, as being eminently alluring to hawkers, carters, hand-loom weavers, and light dragoons. The eyes of the Deansgate Lily are mostly deeply sunken, and their tendency to retirement and privacy is many times augmented by what is called an artificial bung administered in casual conflicts with the monster man. The hair of the Lily is like tangled sea weed, plastered with jelly fish and ling, and the sand of the sad waves which have broken over it in a tempest. Her legs are like inverted cider bottles, and her boots are the only neat adornment she possesses, being always tight and trim. About her voice I cannot say much, except that she appears, from the vocal efforts which she makes, to have swallowed files of various numbers and raspnesses, and to throw them up freely when accosted in familiar colloquy. The familiar colloquy has always a sanguinary hue, and is principally about blood—the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, are all bloody. Like the gentleman whose name was Norval, the Lily always seems to have heard of battles, and to be constantly reproducing them in conversation. Austerlitz, Marengo, Trafalgar, Waterloo, Magenta, Solferino, are continually rehearsed in the dialogues of the Lily with her pleasing sisters, who generally carry samples of the ensanguined fluid either on their noses or on their chests, being the only reminiscences of love which have been bequeathed to them by the occupants of the adjacent barracks.

Bare-headed, bare-armed, bare-faced of course, almost bare-legged, but never bare-footed, the Lilies walk in twos and threes on the Deansgate pavement, in sunshine and shower, in summer and winter, during day and night. Like the Grand Duchess of M. Offenbach, they appear to dote on the military, and to take especially a deep interest in recruiting sergeants, with whom they may frequently be seen talking about the absorbing topic of blood, in which article, wholesale and retail, the recruiting sergeants are supposed to deal, carrying coagulated samples about them in the shape of flying ribbands for the allurement of countrymen from Mobberly, Timperley, Altrincham, and Northwich. Failing the recruiters, the Lilies affect very much our admirably-drilled police, than which a better-disciplined or more cold-mutton-consuming gang of well-conducted and able-bodied (especially in the small of the back) young men never carried the bracelet of a spirited corporation on their Herculean wrists. But the Lilies never meddle with the police when there is a soldier convenient Only when the soldier-boy to the war is gone, and when in the ranks of death you'll find him, do the Lilies stoop to the bobbies. The latter know this, and thus they are wanting in that cordiality to these romantic flowers which gushes so abundantly from a gallant hussar. We have here, my friends, another instance of the perils of familiarity. If you have had the painful duty of conveying a Lily drunk and incapable on a stretcher, or of fetching a Lily a severe croaker on the head with a stave and stunning the same, or of ripping open her stays to enable her valuable life not to ebb away on the kerbstone, I defy you to lean towards the Lily with spontaneous interchange of speech, except on simple topics like the weather or gin.

Now the absorbing question of the day, led into action by beautiful agencies like unto the Reverend Fume and Mrs. Fume Frothery, is this,—"Shall we meddle at all with the Lilies, or shall we not?" I have said that the Lilies are women, and so they are. Are these women to be tampered with by "brutal surgeons?" I don't like to say what for, but Mrs. Fume Frothery will tell you in public meeting assembled if you wish to know. If a Deansgate Lily lays hold of a young lancer—which of the two will want taking care of, the lancer or the Lily? The lancer has enlisted himself to be shot at, I know, but if "a brutal surgeon" intervenes, and deprecates the aim of the Lily, what is the duty of Society as it looks on? For the first time in my life I would like to appeal to Mrs. Grundy, and if that matter-of-fact woman does not give the Lily a taste of her pattens, my name is not Jack Robinson.

HOW TO GET ON.

[IF you are fool enough to keep a dignity, or to care more for the science of your calling, whatever that may be, than for its golden guerdon—pass on! If you are possessed of reasonable skill, but desire a quicker return of cash and credit than unaided, unpuffed skull can earn, you may, perhaps, gain a valuable hint or two from the following recommendations. To the poor in intellect, the weak in will, the bankrupt in self-respect, though not self-love, these hints are offered for wholesale acceptance.]

I.—AS A DOCTOR.

YOU have adopted the profession, I suppose, for the usual reasons, partly because your parts and character did not encourage your father to invest any considerable lump of his slender savings in giving you a thorough liberal education, or an independent start in commerce; but mainly because you had no particular qualification for any other walk in life. No doubt there were early indications of your natural tendencies, and a skilful augur might have read your destinies in the flight of hampered flies and the entrails of worried rats, skinned mice, and crushed frogs. With advancing years your sphere of observation widened, and you pursued your first experiments in human pathology, on the tenderest and most assailable parts of your smaller brothers and schoolfellows. Ere your fourteenth birthday, many a tin can tied to the tail of a dog with a tooth-ache deftly showed that you had risen to the conception of counter-irritation. During your hobbledehoy days, and throughout the curriculum of your professional education, you doubtless supplemented your studies with a long and varied series of experiments upon the coat of your stomach, the firmness of your nerves, and the patience of your liver. Your noble thirst for anatomical knowledge, unslaked by the pedantries of the dissecting-room, led you in the evening hours of leisure to combine instruction and amusement behind the scenes at the Coal Hole, or before the glaring footlights which illume the witching ballet at the Alhambra. Meanwhile, that vile new-fangled system of periodical examinations has compelled you to acquire a smattering of the rudiments of your profession. Lectures, clinical or other, operations, post mortems, and dissections, have commanded your attendance, if not your attention; and so at last, with the help of a month's cold tea and cram you have managed to scrape through, and are now a qualified practitioner.

But, believe me, the most important part of your education is yet to seek. You may attend your hospitals and infirmaries: you may obey each nightly summons to Mrs. Jones's labour, and Tommy

Robinson's hooping cough, till you have at length gained a tolerable knowledge of medical science; but with such moderate abilities and industry as you possess, you will never come within sight of the success to which I desire to guide you, unless you pursue, day and night, with unremitting study, the great science of Deportment. Without it, the highest abilities may be all but useless to their possessor; with it, a man of the most mediocre parts may command for himself a solid and certain success. That is the way to turn your one talent into ten. First and foremost your manners must be studiously sympathetic. Never, like some foolish brutes, laugh away a mother's anxiety for a sick child, and cure it with a dose of rhubarb and magnesia. You might as well call the mother a fool, and she will attach little value to such simple services. Besides you will lose visits. Be sure of this that women are your best trumpeters, and every right-minded mother of a family makes it a point of honour to get her medical adviser adopted by her friends. Never mind the malicious suggestion of papa that Tommy had been pilfering gooseberries, or stuffing himself to the throat with plum-pudding. Shake your head with a grave smile, and talk of the prevalence of zymotic diseases, the unhealthinesss of the season, and what not. Never, for dear life, budge an inch before paternal scepticism, or your influence over the mother is gone, and with it your hopes of a prosperous career.

But you must carry your complaisance to the ladies further still. You must not only adopt these views as to the seriousness of an illness, but be prompt to take the slightest hint as to the remedy they desire. When in doubt, the safest prescription is change of scene. Madam is sure to suggest the place herself, and some of your most valuable victories will be won in overbearing the opposition of the head of the family. Remember, too, that in feminine opinion children are generally overworked at school; a holiday in season how good is it. When you are firmly intrenched in the good graces of the wife, the time is not far distant when you will be called in to attend the husband. He will growl at first—perhaps call you a humbug; but weakened and demoralised by sickness and the dread of nagging, he is sure to fall a prey to womanly persistence. Now you are treading upon eggs, but it is your own fault if you break them. If you have a grain of observation in you, feminine garrulity will have fully incensed you into his fads, foibles, and habits. Unfold to him, as the result of your own diagnosis, what his better-half has told you, and then treat him accordingly. If you effect a cure without putting a stop to his cherished indulgences, he will call you a————good fellow, with no infernal nonsense about you. From that moment you are master of the situation, and the rest is all plain sailing.

In the selection of your prescriptions you will be wise to disenthrall yourself from any prejudices founded upon the experience of yourself and others. Woman is by nature a devotee of fashion, and therefore thinks little of a cure effected by ordinary and time-honoured means. She will not be satisfied except by the latest method of treatment or the newest discovery in the drug line. You must swear by the chlorodyne of the hour, the kainopathy of the day, more especially if it has been adopted by the physicians who attend the couch of fashionable sickness, or aristocratic ennui. Never mind whether you effect a cure; only take care not to kill.

Had you lived fifty years earlier you would have found your account in a careful study of dress. But alas! the days of white ties, long coats, velvet collars and cuffs, gold-headed canes, and enormous watches have gone, never, I fear, to return, and the present has so far produced no devices exactly analagous. The nearest modern approach is in the matter of carriages. Some practitioners have taken to private hansoms, but the idea has no originality, and attracts little notice. One or two bolder spirits have lately reversed the ordinary position of those vehicles, and drive about the town in a sort of hansom with the doors to the rear, and paint of a gorgeous hue. Whether the road they travel leads to fortune a longer trial is needed to tell. But in that case they will soon become common, and therefore cease to be attractive. You should then consider whether you cannot yourself develope their obsolete idea in a novel direction. There are now carriage doors to the front, to the side, and to the rear. Why should you not design one with a trap-door at the top? The bottom would hardly do; because if it opened by accident, you might find yourself in an awkward predicament, and besides your exits and entrances, though fairly conspicuous, would scarcely be dignified.

It is hardly necessary to counsel you that you should at once obviate the jealousies of husbands, fathers, and lovers by marriage, and, of course, you will get a wife with money if you can. Her rôle will be to occupy the pew, which you will of course take in a fashionable church, and generally to trumpet you as only a wife can among her acquaintance. Should you become a widower after a while, you will have established a fresh claim upon matronly sympathy and spinsterial speculation. It is always worth your while to keep on good terms with the parson. You will have many opportunities of meeting at the bed of sickness, and not a few at the bed of death and the subsequent obsequies. The convict population have reduced the art of humbugging the gaol chaplain to a system, and they have a harder task than yours. About a dozen good platitudes about the uncertainty of human life, delivered with decent solemnity, will put you on perfect terms with the good man. It is needless for you to affect a knowledge of the details of his art. At the funeral, where you both attend professionally, and therefore feel only professionally, you can help him to smooth the path which leads from grief to resignation, and thence to cheerfulness. A good story is a great relief to an average mourner on a long drive, and the carriage which conveys you will not contain the nearest relatives.

In your relations with your medical brethren you will find the greatest need of tact and *finesse*. The gentlemen you have to meet in consultation may not always be as ignorant as yourself; and, if unfavourably disposed, may perhaps find you out. You should cultivate their regard by a consistent affectation of respect, and should you be so unfortunate as to express an opinion different to that which one of them has formed, then you must make capital out of a graceful conversion. But, on the whole, it will be most prudent for you to express, as you entertain, no independent opinion at all, so you can never be said to be wrong.

Your avowed views upon matters of professional etiquette ought to be just as strict as your practice is loose. Vilify all irregular practitioners as quacks, ignoramuses, and impostors. Never mind whether they cure people or not. They are not to be judged by works; their faith is wrong, and justification by faith is the strictest dogma of all professional religions. Never dream of performing any but the simplest operations upon your paying patients, for the effects of a clumsy operation are generally open and palpable. Your habitual confidence will shine the brighter from the contrast of a little occasional modesty. Moreover, you will make the pure surgeon your friend, and he can put business in your way. Specialists generally will be found worth cultivating; you are only an earthen pipkin, and they are iron pans. Moral—don't jostle them.

In the ordinary course of business you will hardly be able to avoid entirely the annoyance of giving professional evidence in a court of justice, but your fears will generally be chimerical. Judges, barristers, and jury are likely to be even more ignorant than yourself, and, moreover the lawyers are quite used to hear medical men of the best repute swear anything. Indeed, had you been a trifle brighter than you are, I should have recommended you to go in for forensic medicine. You may always get backed and coached up by some brother medico, who knows twice as much of the mere science of his profession as yourself. Still some knowledge and readiness is required; and, on the whole, for fear of accidents, I advise you to keep out of the witness-box.

Do not, except in the last resort, fall into the ranks of that class of specialists which some of the Manchester daily and weekly papers delight to honour in their advertisement columns.

If you will persistently follow this advice, you may attain to a success altogether out of proportion to your knowledge and abilities, and, bar the accident of a conviction for manslaughter, or an inadvertent swallowing of your own physic, you may enjoy a prosperous and green old age, while most of your patients are rotting under the green sod.

A scholarship in honour of Sir Walter Scott is about to be founded at the Edinburgh University. Among the subscribers are a son of Burns, a son of Wordsworth, and a son of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

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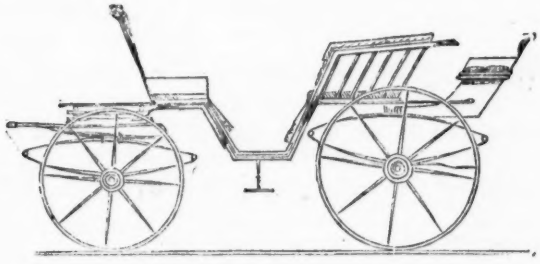

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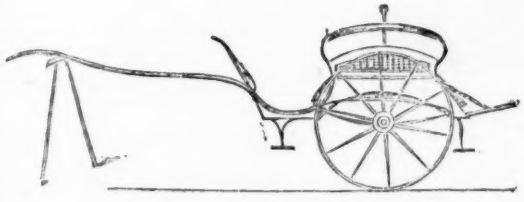

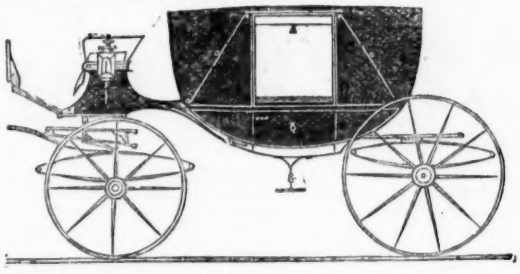

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